

last, at six a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on  
a frownd was foure yeere in th' afternoone.

*Sly.* What are their maskes? heare you me *Iessica*,  
Lock vp my doores, and when you heare the drum  
And the vile squealing of the wry-neckt fife,  
Clamber not you vp to the casements then,  
Nor thrust your head into the publique streete  
To gaze on Christian fooles with varnish't faces:  
But stop my houses eares, I meane my casements;  
Let not the sound of shallow fopperie enter  
My sober house. By *Jacobs* staffe I sweare,  
I haue no minde of feasting forth to night:  
But I will goe: goe you before me firra,  
Say I will come.

*Clo.* I will goe before firra.  
Mistis looke out at window for all this;  
There will come a Christian by,  
Will be worth a Iewes eye.

*Sly.* What saies that foole of *Hagars* off-spring?  
ha.

*Ief.* His words were farewell mistis, nothing else.

*Sly.* The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder:  
Snaile-slow in profit, but he sleeps by day  
More then the wilde-cat: drones hie not with me,  
Therefore I part with him, and part with him  
To one that I would haue him helpe to waste  
His borrowed purse. Well *Iessica* goe in,  
Perhaps I will returne immediately;  
Doe as I bid you, shut dores after you: fast binde, fast  
finde.

A prouerbe neuer stale in thrifftie minde: *Exit.*  
*Ief.* Farewell, and if my fortune be not croft,  
I haue a Father, you a daughter lost. *Exit.*

*Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salino.*

*Gra.* This is the penthouse vnder which *Lorenzo*  
Desired vs to make a stand.

*Sal.* His house is almost past.

*Gra.* And it is meruaile he out-dwels his house,  
For louers euer run before the clocke.

*Sal.* O ten times faster *Venus* Pidgions flye  
To steale loues bonds new made, then they are wont  
To keepe obliged faith vnforfeited.

*Gra.* That euer holds, who riseth from a feast  
With that keene appetite that he sits downe?  
Where is the horse that doth vtread againe  
His tedious measures with the vnbad fire,  
That he did pace them first: all things that are,  
Are with more spirit chased then enjoy'd.  
How like a yonger or a prodigall  
The skarfed barke puts from her native bay,  
Hudg'd and embraced by the strumpet winde:  
How like a prodigall doth she returne  
With ouer-wither'd ribs and ragged sailes,  
Leane, rent, and begger'd by the strumpet winde?

*Enter Lorenzo.*

*Salino.* Heere comes *Lorenzo*, more of this here-  
after.

*Lor.* Sweete friends, your patience for my long a-  
bode,

Not I, but my affaires haue made you wait:  
When you shall please to play the theues for wiuers  
He watch as long for you then: approach

Here dwels my father Iew. Hea, who's within?

*Iessica* above.

*Ief.* Who are you? tell me for more certainty,  
Albeit I sweare that I do know your tongue.

*Lor.* *Lorenzo*, and thy Loue.

*Ief.* *Lorenzo* certaine, and my loue indeed,  
For who loue I so much? and now who knowes  
But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

*Lor.* Heauen and thy thoughts are witnes that thou  
art.

*Ief.* Heere, catch this casket, it is worth the paines,  
I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me,  
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:  
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselues commit,  
For if they could, *Cupid* himselfe would blush  
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

*Lor.* Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

*Ief.* What, must I hold a Candle to my shames?

They in themselves goodsooth are too too light.

Why, 'tis an office of discovery Loue,

And I should be obscur'd.

*Lor.* So you are sweet,  
Euen in the lovely garnish of a boy: but come at once,  
For the close night doth play the run-away,  
And we are staid for at *Bassanio's* feast.

*Ief.* I will make fast the doores and guild my selfe  
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

*Gra.* Now by my hood, a gentle, and no Iew.

*Lor.* Bestrew me but I loue her heartily.

For she is wise, if I can iudge of her,

And faire she is, if that mine eyes be true,

And true she is, as she hath prou'd her selfe:

And therefore like her selfe, wise, faire, and true,  
Shall she be placed in my constant soule.

*Enter Iessica.*

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,  
Our masking mates by this time for vs stay. *Exit.*

*Enter Anthonio.*

*Ant.* Who's there?

*Gra.* Signior *Anthonio*?

*Ant.* Fie, fie, *Gratiano*, where are all the rest?

'Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you,

No maske to night, the winde is come about,

*Bassanio* presently will goe aboard,

I haue sent twenty out to seeke for you.

*Gra.* I am glad on't, I desire no more delight  
Then to be vnder saile, and gone to night. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their traines.*

*Por.* Goe, draw aside the curtaines, and discover  
The feuerall Caskets to this noble Prince:  
Now make your choys.

*Mor.* The first of gold, who this inscription beares,  
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what men desire.

The second siluer, which this promise carries,  
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he desires.

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunr,  
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.

How shall I know if I doe choose the right?

*Por.* The

How shall I know if I doe choose the right.

*Por.* The one of them contains my picture Prince,  
If you choose that, then I am yours withall.

*Mor.* Some God direct my iudgement, let me see,  
I will suruay the inscriptions, backe againe:

What saies this leaden casket?

Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.

Must giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?

This casket threatens men that hazard all

Doe it in hope of faire aduantages:

A golden minde stoopes not to shewes of drossie,

He then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.

What saies the Siluer with her virgin hue?

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

As much as he deserves; pause there *Morrocho*,

And weigh thy value with an euen hand,

If thou bee'st rated by thy estimation

Thou dost deserve enough, and yet enough

May not extend so farre as to the Ladie:

And yet to be afraid of my deserving,

Were but a weake disabling of my selfe.

As much as I deserve, why that's the Ladie.

I doe in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding;

But more then these, in loue I doe deserve.

What if I staid no farther, but chose here?

Let's see once more this saying gra'd in gold.

Who chooseth me shall gaine what many men desire:

Why that's the Ladie, all the world desires her:

From the foure corners of the earth they come

To kiss this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint.

The Hircanian deserts, and the vaste wildes

Of wide Arabia are as thoroughfares now

For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.

The waterie Kingdome, whose ambitious head

Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre

To stop the forraire spirits, but they come

As ore a brooke to see faire *Portia*.

One of these three contains her heauenly picture.

Is't like that Lead contains her? 'twere damnation

To thinke so base a thought, it were too grose

To rib her searecloth in the obscure graue:

Or shall I thinke in Siluer she's immur'd

Being ten times vnderualued to tride gold;

O finfull thought, neuer so rich a Iem

Was set in worse then gold! They haue in England

A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell

Stamp't in gold, but that's inculpt vpon:

But here an Angell in a golden bed

Lies all within. Deliuer me the key:

Here doe I choose, and thriue I as I may.

*Por.* There take it Prince, and if my forme lye there  
Then I am yours.

*Mor.* Ohell! what haue we here, a carrion death,  
Within whose emptie eye there is a written seroule;

He read the writing.

All that glisters is not gold,  
Often haue you heard that said;

Many a man his life hath sold  
But my out side to behold;

Guided by this, I will doe as I should:  
Had you bene as wise as bold,

Tong in limbe, in indgement old,  
Your answer had not bene in fold;

Fareyouwell, your suite is cold,

*Mor.* Cold indeede, and lab

Then farewell heate, and welco

*Portia* adew, I haue too grieu

To take a tedious leaue: thus I

*Por.* A gentle riddance: dra

Let all of his complexion choo

*Enter Salarino and*

*Flo. Corners.*

*Sal.* Why man I saw *Bassanio*

With him is *Gratiano* gone alo

And in their ship I am iure *Lor*

*Sol.* The villaine *Iew* with c

Who went with him to sear

*Sal.* He comes too late, the

But there the Duke was giuen

That in a Gondilo were teene

*Lorenzo* and his amorous *Iessica*

Besides, *Anthonio* certified the

They were not with *Bassanio* m

*Sol.* I neuer heard a passion

So strange, outrageous, and to

As the dogge *Iew* did vtter in

My daughter, O my ducats, O

Fled with a Christian, O my Cl

Iustice, the law, my ducats, and

A sealed bag, two sealed bags

Of double ducats, stolne from

And iewels, two stones, two ric

Stolne by my daughter: iustice

She hath the stones vpon her, a

*Sal.* Why all the boyes in

Crying his stones, his daughter

*Sol.* Let good *Anthonio* loo

Or he shall pay for this.

*Sal.* Mary well remembre

I reason'd with a Frenchman ye

Who told me, in the narrow fe

The French and English, there

A vessell of our countrey richly

I thought vpon *Anthonio* when

And witht in silence that it we

*Sol.* Yo were best to tell *An*

Yet doe not suddainely, for it

*Sal.* A kinder Gentleman tre

I saw *Bassanio* and *Anthonio* pa

*Bassanio* told him he would mak

Of his returne: he answered, do

Slubber not businesse for my fa

But stay the very riping of the

And for the Iewes bond which

Let it not enter in your minde

Be merry, and imploy your chie

To courtship, and such faire of

As shall conueniently become

And euen there his eye being b

Turning his face, he put his ha

And with affection wondrous

He wrung *Bassanio's* hand, and s

*Sol.* I thinke he onely loues

I pray thee let vs goe and finde

And quicken his embraced hea

With some delight or other.

*Sal.* Doe we so.

*Enter Nerissa and a*

*Ner.* Quick, quick I pray the

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